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In memoriam:
Eva J. Phelps...

[n.p.]

[1909]

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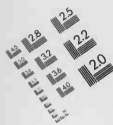
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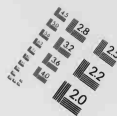
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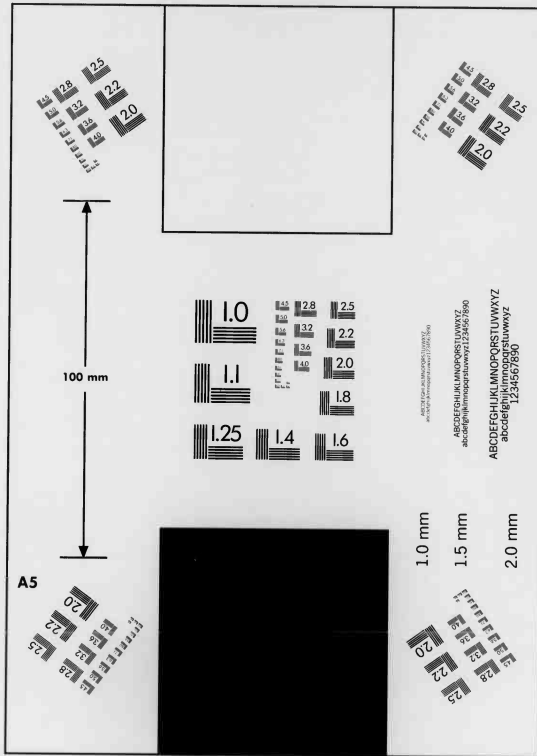
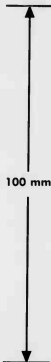
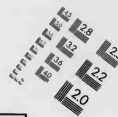
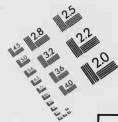
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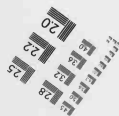
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IN MEMORIAM

EVA J. PHELPS

NOVEMBER 28, 1853

JULY 8, 1909

1903 Jan 29-17



Eva J. Phelps.

EVA J. PHELPS

EVA J. PHELPS was born in Manchester, Conn., November 28, 1853, and was the fifth child of Alfred William Phelps and Mary A. (Bunnell) Phelps. Three older brothers had died in infancy, and an older and a younger sister died in childhood, thus restricting her family circle for the greater part of Miss Phelps's life to her father, mother and one brother.

Miss Phelps was of direct Puritan descent, being of the eighth generation of the Phelps family in this country, and a lineal descendant of the American pioneer, William Phelps, who came to this country on the ship "Mary and John," disembarking at Nantasket (now Hull), Mass., May 30, 1630, about ten years after the "Mayflower" had made her landing at Plymouth. This founder of the American branch of the family was a member of the commission of seven appointed to govern the new colony of Connecticut, March 3, 1636, and was one of the magistrates, including Ludlow, Hooker and Haynes, who, at Hartford, on January 2, 1639, in behalf of the people of Windsor, Wethersfield, and Hartford, drafted the Constitution which Judge Simeon E. Baldwin (in his historical address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Connecticut State Library and Supreme Court Building, at Hartford, on May 25, 1909) thus characterized: "Of written constitutions, which have laid down, by authority of a people occupying a considerable territory, in orderly and systematic arrangement, the rules for their civil government, it was the first which the world has to show." Miss Phelps had a profound respect for rules, legal and otherwise, and her character in part at least may be traceable to this earliest of constitution-



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makers, and his descendants who for the next 150 years or so were active in the government of Connecticut and in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars.

The family had removed to New Haven shortly before the commencement of the Civil War, and her father, Alfred William Phelps, was one of the early members of David Humphrey Chapter, S. A. R., of New Haven. Both his father, Erastus Phelps, and his grandfather, Amos Phelps, were Revolutionary soldiers. He was one of the founders and for many years President of the Mechanics' Lyceum of New Haven, one of the first organizations of the kind in this country, its purpose being to provide courses of lectures for the instruction of the public—and especially young workingmen—by masters of various scientific subjects. The Mechanics' Lyceum was addressed by Yale professors and other scientific men, and the lectures given under its auspices were somewhat on the order of the courses at Cooper Union in New York City, more than half a century later. In 1867-8 Mr. Phelps was one of the Representatives of New Haven in the Connecticut Legislature.

Miss Phelps attended the public schools, was graduated from the Hillhouse High School in the Class of 1873, and at the graduating exercises on April 10, 1873, read an essay on "Does Prosperity or Adversity Best Develop Character?" While Mr. Dutton was Superintendent of Schools in New Haven, she was sent to the Oswego (N. Y.) Normal School, to observe methods and study pedagogics, in preparation for her work as critic teacher in the Cedar Street Training School.

Her first year of teaching (1873-4) was in the Cedar Street Training School. She was primary teacher in the West Street School for nine years (1874-83); for eight years (1883-91) was critic teacher and assistant to Mrs. M. L. Breen in the Cedar Street Training School; for two years (1891-3) was critic teacher in the Welch Training School—until the city discontinued this work on the advent of the State Normal School; and was a teacher in the Boardman Manual Training High School, from September, 1895, until her death, July 8, 1909. Her first work in Boardman was in English, History, and Algebra, but with

the growth of the school she dropped all other subjects and for many years was head English teacher in Boardman. Altogether, her work in the public schools of New Haven continued for more than thirty-five years, and for about a quarter of a century she was a member of the congregation of Center Church.

The letters of appreciation from a few of her many friends in and out of school-life, and from some of her former pupils, appended to this biographical sketch, present a composite picture from many viewpoints of Miss Phelps's character, aims and methods as exemplified in her school-work for more than a generation. Firmly believing as she did that each person's life was an individual trusteeship, and that every human being had his or her mission, she keenly sensed both the responsibility and the opportunities of the teacher. As she viewed the duties of that class of workers, the mere imparting of knowledge was the least important of their functions; and their foremost duty was so to study and strive with the individual pupil as in each instance, in so far as possible, to contribute something to the development of a rational, useful, citizen, healthy alike in mind and body.

Those were the duties and responsibilities of the teacher as Miss Phelps saw them, and to the conscientious discharge of those duties she unsparingly gave her time, her energy, and her exceptional ability for the better part of a life-time. Of sterling character and well-poised mind, she was thoroughly qualified to make character in others at the mental formative period, and the letters which follow suggest that not in vain did she live out her life, and strive to work out her high ideals.

THIS MEMORIAL HAS BEEN PREPARED AND PUBLISHED BY MISS PHELPS'S FRIENDS AS A TOKEN OF THEIR APPRECIATION OF HER CHARACTER AND LIFE WORK. IN LASTING REMEMBRANCE OF HER A FUND HAS BEEN RAISED FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE EVA J. PHELPS PRIZE FOR EXCELLENCE IN ENGLISH, TO BE AWARDED ANNUALLY TO A MEMBER OF THE BOARDMAN SENIOR CLASS, IN THE NEW HAVEN HIGH SCHOOL, EITHER FOR SPECIAL EXCELLENCE OR FOR THE GREATEST IMPROVEMENT IN THE ENGLISH WORK FOR THE YEAR.

APPRECIATIONS

I am glad to have an opportunity to add to this memorial some expression of my appreciation of Miss Phelps. Others have known her in her work at school; it was my privilege, as her pastor for many years, to know something of the inner spiritual life from which her character and influence had its perennial spring. My acquaintance with her began when her father and she were living in a rare intellectual and religious sympathy; and I knew her quiet worth and power when he was taken from her, and she was called to face the future alone.

She was singularly humble and unassuming, always open-minded and sincere in her intellectual questionings and spiritual faiths, hardly knowing, herself, as I came to realize, what a true Christian she was. Always choosing for herself a lowly place, I can imagine her glad surprise when, awakening at the dawn of the new life, she heard the voice of the Lord bidding her come up higher—for the Master knows his own. Alone and unknown to many, she has lived here the higher life, and quietly she has won her crown.

NEWMAN SMYTH.

I have only just learned of the death of Miss Phelps whom I knew and esteemed so highly while I was superintendent of schools in New Haven. I am glad to learn that some notice is being taken of her life and work by the publication of expressions of appreciation from those who knew her well. It is now about twenty years since I left New Haven, but during the nine years previous to 1890, I knew Miss Phelps well, as she filled very important positions in the schools. She was one of the best primary teachers of that time and was also very efficient in helping to train the graduates of the New Haven High School for their future work as teachers.

Miss Phelps always impressed me as a person of serious character and one who gave herself unreservedly to her work. She was careful, painstaking, and accurate in everything she did, and I am sure was regarded as just and wise by those who worked under her direction. I am glad to think that her whole career was so full of scholarly and high-minded service and that the promise she gave of ripe and cultured womanhood was entirely fulfilled. She is one of many whom I remember with high appreciation.

tion, who, in a time of transition and progress, were true and loyal and helped to lay the foundation for the better and more progressive future.

Columbia University.

SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

While I was superintendent of schools in New Haven I knew well Miss Eva J. Phelps, a teacher of English in the Boardman Manual Training High School. Miss Phelps had unusual qualities as a teacher. She was absolutely devoted to her work, the interest of her pupils was foremost, and her results—not only in English, but in the training of the character of her pupils—were of an unusually high order. I have learned of her death with great regret.

Indianapolis, Ind.

C. N. KENDALL.

Miss Phelps taught in the public schools of New Haven thirty-four years, during the last ten of which I was well acquainted with her and her work. Her service during this long period was one which counted for the best in the lives of her pupils. She was gentle but strong, quiet but forceful, and from her life went out to all about her an abiding influence for better things. Her devotion to her work, her loyalty to duty, and her interest in her pupils characterized her teaching from first to last. Her kindly sympathy won her way into the heart of many a rough boy. Her life was full of good deeds and, in the best way, counted for righteousness. To her friends she was especially dear, and to those who knew her best it will always be that "though dead she liveth." Her memory abideth.

F. H. BEEDE,

Supt. of Schools, New Haven, Conn.

My old friends are dropping away one by one. New faces take the vacant places, and doubtless work will go on with the old time efficiency. But inspiration and success largely depend upon a study of the ways of people who have preceded us, and to the successor of Miss Phelps, whoever she may be, I recommend such a study.

Miss Phelps's death brings to me not only a sense of personal loss, but the feeling that a really great educator has passed away. As a man, with a man's opportunities, she probably would have received wide-spread public recognition; as a woman, with a woman's prescribed limitations, she was just as great, only in a more narrow field. But, after all, it is these who really win. No matter who directs, they are the ones who most influence our boys and girls, and make our best schools.

To me, as Director of the Boardman School, Miss Phelps was an advisor

I quickly learned to heed. Her experience, and her knowledge of school boy-girl nature was far greater than mine, and during my periodic visits to her classes, I received as valuable lessons as the pupils. It was delightful to note the respect and affection those big boys had for her, and how carefully they kept under control those qualities that sometimes make life a burden to less efficient teachers. School principals will appreciate my feeling of security and satisfaction.

Admiration and respect she had in full measure from all associated with her—teachers as well as pupils—and her work will live forever. Can any one wish for more?

Miami, Fla.

THOMAS W. MATHER.

(From the address made to the High School teachers at the first teachers' meeting in September, 1909.)

Amid the changes which come to the school, with our boys and girls coming and going, new teachers to be introduced, with all the bustle of the beginning of a new school year, we are called aside to pay tribute to one of our teachers who died during the past summer.

Miss Phelps had been for a long time in frail health: she knew her physical weakness, knew that death might overtake her at any moment, and yet she worked on with cheerfulness and enthusiasm, never perhaps quite so happy as when one of her boys received commendation for his valedictory address last June. She had all the fine qualities of true womanhood, with the zeal of a true teacher. The greatest thing in her character to me was not the display of learning or the desire for personal praise, but, with persistent self-effacement on her part, it was the truly human characteristics—the desire to help develop the character as well as the intellectual power of her boys and girls, the wish to share in their successes or sorrows, the appeal and the desire of the true teacher to lead her pupils to independent thinking, not only in the fields of English Literature which she knew and loved but in the great world of Life. The world is richer for the memory of her presence: the school, for the legacy of life spent for its good.

JOHN P. CUSHING.

Miss Phelps was a successful teacher—what greater tribute can one bestow upon her? She did not have the advantages of a robust physique or vigorous health so often essential to master, impress, and lead pupils. She did have, however, a personality that bespoke interest, determination and power; a quiet, gentle, and earnest manner that inspired a pupil to do his best, and won for her the sympathy and co-operation of all her pupils.

Although Miss Phelps was under a constant struggle with an enfeebled body, she never complained, nor did she carry petty matters to the office.

On the contrary, she was ever cheerful and hopeful. She enjoyed sending good news to me, news relating to the school, as an account of the success of some pupil, a graduate, or some class.

Miss Phelps was loyal to the backbone to the old Boardman School. No one worked harder or did more effective work in making the school; she loved her work—her pride, her very life was in it. This was the secret of her success. Old Boardman still existed in her mind to the end, and she died working for the welfare of that school. Let it be known that Miss Phelps was a rare teacher of high school boys and girls.

Newton, Mass.

CHARLES L. KIRSCHNER.

When Miss Eva J. Phelps passed away, a life of public service such as only a few can give was terminated.

Miss Phelps commenced her career as a primary teacher. She was one of the first of our city teachers to introduce improved methods in primary instruction. Her intelligent interpretation of these methods was soon manifested in the excellent results that she obtained. Her high ideals and earnest purposes made her eminently successful as a teacher, and resulted in her transfer to the Training School as a method and also a critic teacher.

Miss Phelps was a scholarly woman. She had made a careful study of methods used, both in our own schools and in some of the noted training schools for teachers. She was clear-sighted in her recognition of the best methods observed, and brought nothing of a cumbersome nature into her work with the pupil-teachers. Her own experience as a teacher enabled her to present her subject from a comprehensive, practical, and logical standpoint.

She was gentle in manner and cheerful in disposition. She had the happy faculty of seeing the best points in the work of the pupil-teachers. Her criticisms were always constructive and helpful. She inspired her pupils with confidence in their own ability to do well, and won the love and esteem of all with whom she was associated.

Her work is completed. She gave far more to the world than can be measured or mentioned. Her influence will live long with those to whom she gave the best portion of her life. Our most exalted thoughts are that we loved her for her goodness, honesty of purpose, and purity of character, and that her passing from our midst has given her life immortal.

Washington, D. C.

MARIA L. BREEN.

I should be most glad to say something worthy of Miss Phelps. I admired her so much and had such a strong regard for her, but somehow an effort of that kind seems impossible to me. I cannot express my feeling "in

public" without taking refuge in a cold formal expression. Hers was an unusual character. She was a fine woman, a remarkable teacher.

Miss Phelps was connected for a number of years with the Normal Department of the Welch School which was at that time a Training School for Teachers. Her work included methods in several subjects and the supervision of the practice teaching and training in the Hallock Street School. Her teaching was characterized by a clear, logical, thorough grasp of the subject; by exactness, precision, and quiet force in presentation; and a firm, patient, persistent holding of the student to her best effort and to the limit of her intellectual power.

Endowed with a sensitive and severe "New England conscience," she had acquired a self-mastery which enabled her to meet all combinations of circumstances with uniform calmness and poise. Her moral standards were exceptionally high, and she held herself to them with unvarying fidelity, so that her strength and nobility of character were a constant stimulus to all with whom she came in daily contact. As a teacher, she was a competent and helpful guide, and her life and teaching were an inspiration to lofty personal and professional ideals. As a member of the Faculty, she labored earnestly, not for the gratification of a selfish ambition, but with a loyal desire to contribute in the largest possible measure to the best interests of the school.

The value of such a personality, wholly devoted to the service of the objects for which any institution exists, is beyond estimate.

Bridgeport, Conn.

BESSIE E. HOWES.

It is hard to express my appreciation and esteem for Miss Phelps in a few words. I knew her best in her work with children and in her relation with them she seemed to me to reach nearer the ideal teacher than most do. She inspired such absolute confidence and respect in every person, old and young, with whom she came in contact. One who came under her helpful influence could never forget her.

M. RACHEL WEBSTER.

Eva J. Phelps was my classmate at Hillhouse, even before there was a Hillhouse at all; for we began our High School life in the old Lancasterian building. Our class was the first to receive diplomas in the new High School. In the following year, we were associated as pupil teachers in the old Training School on Cedar Street.

I cannot say that I knew her intimately. Few, if any, of her associates did. Even in early youth, there was about her an air of fine reserve, which prevented undue familiarity. She held herself aloof, absorbed in her studies.

Nevertheless, I can testify that my early associations with Miss Phelps laid the foundations of a deep and abiding respect and admiration for her character. I do not doubt that such will be the testimony of all the surviving members of the Class of 1873.

I have never known any other young girl who was so invariably, so absolutely, steady and reliable. The keynote of her character was faithfulness—unswerving, unflinching devotion to the duty of the hour. Her scholarship was of the highest type. Her steady poise was often a silent rebuke to the follies of her classmates. Sometimes we wished she was not quite so good! Her mature gravity was awesome.

Looking back over these later years of her life, so filled with hard work, so characterized by

"Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others," one cannot help wishing that Miss Phelps had had more "good times" while she was young. But hers was a serious nature. Even in the usually irresponsible years of early girlhood, she was conscious of a great purpose. Life meant to her opportunity and obligation.

Ten years ago, after a long absence from New Haven, I returned for a brief visit. Then I saw Miss Phelps in her class-work at the Boardman School, and I said to myself that she had *grown young*. The great law of sacrifice had been at work. In giving her best to the youth of New Haven, all these years, she had gained her own youth and entered into her birthright.

Redlands, Cal.

SARAH E. HUSTED LOCKWOOD.

It was my privilege to be both personally and professionally well acquainted with Miss Phelps; thus was my life broadened.

As a friend, she was most unselfish, lending ever a sympathizing ear, a helpful hand, a kindly look, an encouraging word. Her unflinching endeavor to attain from better to best in all things, her sense of justice, of honor and truthfulness, daily manifested, was a grand example.

As a teacher, her patience, her sense of right, her appreciation of effort, her helpfulness, endeared her to all. Her earlier teaching among primary children was often alluded to by her as having given enjoyment and experience. "I learned much from those little ones." For these young children she prepared many devices to gain pleasurable attention, to make lasting impression, and to secure habits of well-doing.

When called by her pronounced ability to act as training and critic teacher, she evinced great tact, combined with the strongest desire for the improvement and furtherance of all mental and moral power. Her justness and fairness, her earnestness to make each one see and do the best, has yet its lasting effect upon those she instructed.

In preparation for her work she spared neither time nor effort. The summer school found her gathering information for future classes, the home hours were spent in a wide range of reading, the compiling of references, the arrangement for logical presentation. Ungrudgingly she gave herself to the correction of lessons, to conferring with and advising pupils, to special and individual aid, that her pupils might gain; never wearying in the endeavor to lead ever forward to better and higher attainment.

Shall not we who have known and received of her, rise up and call her blessed forevermore?

M. A. PINNEY.

As one who was associated with Miss Phelps in school work for many years, I gladly express my sincere admiration for a woman of beautiful character and a rare and inspiring teacher.

The indomitable spirit which, in spite of serious physical weakness, kept her always at her post and enabled her to meet her classes with the same cheery, enthusiastic manner, and the same careful, conscientious preparation which always characterized her work as a teacher, seems to me heroic. She did much for Boardman, and both teachers and pupils gladly do her honor.

LUCRETIA H. DAYTON.

My heart swells whenever I think of Miss Phelps and her work; then when I try to express my feelings, words seem so shallow, so meaningless.

Our friendship from 1897, when I first went to Boardman School, up to the time of her death, meant much to me. Miss Phelps was the first teacher, that fall, to greet me and welcome me. It was her smile, her cordial offer to help whenever I needed help, that made the strong beginning.

Her self-sacrifice for her students, and her joy at their success, I know have always meant much to the many who have left her instruction. No words, no eulogy can ever tell it all. It is my lasting pleasure to look back to our talk the last day of school last June. She was so frail, such a sufferer; but such a spirit of courage and grit I never saw. So it had been for several years, and always because of her live interest in the school, her students, and their work. It was Miss Phelps's faithfulness that had done much to put Boardman where it ranks to-day. Her ideal was high and it was ever her desire to bring her students and herself to it. I shall ever give thanks for our friendship.

Teachers' College, Columbia University.

L. RAY BALDERSTON.

It is difficult to put into a few words the friendship of a dozen years, the pleasure, help, and inspiration that it brought, the memories it has left.

When I came to Boardman, a stranger to the school and used to a very different sort of teaching, I soon found a harbor of refuge in all my perplexities, and that was Miss Phelps's room. Many others have found that refuge, too, and I am sure all are the better for it.

The hours that I spent talking things over with Miss Phelps after school, were hours of the greatest pleasure and profit. She never gave a hint that she was bored and hardly that she was tired, though I frequently had remorseful twinges afterward for the way I had taxed her time. My remorse, however, did not prevent my doing it again! If things had gone badly with me, she did not coddle and condole, but she understood. She seldom offered advice, but some wise bit from her experience, or some thought from the books she knew and loved so well, frequently showed me the way out. If funny things had happened in the classes, how we enjoyed them together! And together we mourned over discouraging persons who couldn't see fun when it was right before their eyes. No one could tell a joke on herself with more appreciation than Miss Phelps, on the rare occasions when anyone had been bright enough to catch and fairly corner her.

As I look back, certain characteristics stand out with special clearness, and first of all, the deep feeling under the quiet manner. The intense love for those with whom in other days she had shared the old home, kept her clinging to that home long after her reason bade her go and until finally she could not go for lack of strength; and next to this spot and its memories, came, I think, the Boardman School. Her unstinted devotion was one of the greatest factors in creating a spirit—a real school—within the pile of brick and mortar that sheltered the educational experiment New Haven was somewhat grudgingly trying. She was the teacher of history, civics, and English. She was, through these, the builder of character, who wrought into the lives of hundreds of future citizens, ideals of reasonableness, truth, honor, and public service. Many a time she has said in telling me of some incident: "I thought that was a matter of character and I couldn't let it go." Spoiled children began to realize that, with her, excuses did not seem to excuse; and the lazy and easy-going, that "must" was a good English word. With vulgarity and insincerity Miss Phelps could not compromise. She was misunderstood sometimes, and her attitude resented; but while she regretted this feeling, she did not swerve from what she thought her duty, for the sake of popularity. Time was likely to prove that she was right.

She did little preaching in her work for character, but everything counted. If she put sentences on the board to illustrate points in English, one might notice that these sentences were not chosen hap-hazard, but were

worth working on and worth remembering. Many seed-thoughts she planted in this unobtrusive way for an unknown harvest time. Very ingenious often were her methods for bringing pupils to see the error of their ways. Who of certain classes will forget "the message to Garcia?"

Next to her great aim of character building, indeed only another phase of it, was her desire to lead her boys and girls to think for themselves. Keen and logical herself, she could match her wits with the cleverest, while the superficial and the parrot-like found her disappointingly unappreciative. The smoothly-flowing essay, that merely repeated other people's ideas upon subjects outside the writer's range of thought, did not appeal to her; but she would take infinite pains to help, for instance, a graduation speaker to think out his crude ideas on some subject that touched his own life and that would carry a real message to his hearers.

It seems to me that Miss Phelps's purpose might be expressed in the old familiar words: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, * * * * think on these things."

Unassuming, self-forgetful, and self-controlled, with the pluck that a soldier might envy, she worked quietly and usefully to the very end. Two days before she died, I had a cheery letter from her telling of meeting one of the "old boys" and enclosing a list of the boys who had just been taking their Yale examinations, the results of which I was going to find out for her. She did not wait to hear of their success or failure, but "rested from her labors, and her works do follow her."

CLARA L. BARNUM.

In a little book which Miss Phelps once gave me, was this verse written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which it seems to me just fitted Miss Phelps:

"None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used, that was all.
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant;
But the charm of her presence was felt where she went."

Miss Phelps's school associates and pupils were familiar with her work and professional skill; but only those who sought her in her home—and they were many—could fully appreciate the sweetness of her character. The house where she lived and died was full of family associations for her. This house her grandfather had built for his bride, and here her father and mother had passed a large part of their married life. Miss Phelps once told a friend that she never had a thought that she could not share with her mother—they were such good comrades. After the mother's death, the

daughter was the father's devoted companion. Once, in a note to me explaining why she had not called, she wrote (I quote this because it gives a true picture of her kindness): "I have made none of the many calls I had planned—at least with one exception. I did go up the street to see an old lady who was a friend of my grandmother's and who was very kind to mother in her last illness. I make a point of calling upon her once in a few weeks, whatever may be the demands upon my time, and probably shall as long as she lives. I think there is something so pathetic about old age when the infirmities begin to accumulate, particularly when the old person is as patient and self-controlled as is this old lady."

But few of Miss Phelps's daily associates actually knew the difficulties under which she worked. She never spoke of her health unless asked about it. For several weeks at one time, she was in constant pain as a result of her heart trouble, and was unable to lie down at all. She rested each night in a reclining chair, and each morning found her at her desk at the regular hour. Her physician told me that few would have had her courage to continue work under such difficulties.

At the close of school in June, especially in the last few years, Miss Phelps found herself so exhausted physically and mentally, that she felt obliged to rest alone at home for a few weeks before seeking recreation in a change of scene. She was particularly fond of the coast of Maine. In August, 1903, she wrote from Ogunquit, Me.:

This is just the kind of place I wished to get into. One can have shore or country, company or solitude, in accordance with one's mood.

Her deep love for Nature—and the Maine coast in particular—was thus shown in letters written from Ogunquit during the three succeeding summers:

There is no place quite like it [Ogunquit] to me. * * * I am pleasantly located in the village. From here I can easily reach the long stretch of beach for a half-hour's walk before breakfast. An old sea captain who comes from Jersey each year to this hotel, says that this is the finest beach in the country. * * * I have been there all the morning, actually lying full length in the sand with a pile of sand as a head rest. I spent the time reading and looking at the waves. The sea, on such a fair day as we are having, is as blue as the sky, in fact is so blue that a little three-year-old, when told by her mother that she must bathe in her room in sea water, cried because she did not wish to wash in "blue water." * * * The water and sky are as beautiful and as wonderful as ever; and the walks art delightful.

Yesterday morning I went across the street to the little Methodist church; and in the afternoon I spent the time on the rocks along the water's edge. One can walk for miles along this "marginal way" as it is called, close to the ocean but above it. Over and over again there will come to view great openings in the rocks which, from a distance, seem to cut off all further progress. But as one gets nearer, a path is seen winding inland around these cuts and soon one is over the difficulty and once more on the rocky margin of the coast. I was somewhat amused, yesterday, to see

how different were my feelings in coming to these places from those of my first year. Then, as I looked ahead and saw the foot path seemingly end in or lead into one of these chasms, I used to think, "It is absolutely impossible to go on. I must stop here and go back over the old ground." Yesterday, as I came to them, I found myself unconcernedly wondering just where the path would turn, and how the other side would be reached, perfectly sure that there was some way. And then it occurred to me that there was about the same change in my feelings with reference to the numerous perplexities that the years are so sure to bring. The question now is not, "can the difficulty be met?" but, "where's the way?"

Our "warm spell" left us in a thunder storm last Wednesday, and the air has been an inspiration since. * * * There are several Boston teachers at the house; but they are the right kind, and one might be with them for weeks without learning from their talk that they were teachers. They can and do talk of other things—in vacation time, anyway. * * * I believe that it is more of an art to use vacation days well than wisely to spend the working hours.

Miss Phelps's interest in the work with High School pupils, did not lessen her love for the younger children. Little Harold B., her neighbor, was one of her frequent callers. He was an observing little chap and would roam around the yard gathering samples of plants, noting differences in structure, etc., and getting hints from Miss Phelps, who delighted in leading him to undiscovered nature wonders. Upon the occasion of his sixth birthday, she wrote these verses:

TO HAROLD B.

In eighteen hundred ninety-nine,
One February day,
A little baby left God's home
And came on earth to stay.

His parents gladly welcomed him,
And much love they did give
The little, helpless stranger, who
Had come with them to live.

Most tenderly they cared for him,
And day by day he grew;
But little, then, of all this care,
The Baby Harold knew.

The days and weeks and months soon passed,
—The warm days and the cold—
And February came again,
With Baby one year old.

Then, other years soon came and went,
And somehow, Baby, too,
Did slip into the Past, in spite
Of all his friends could do.

And now, a strange thing I must tell:
When Baby went away,
A little boy with eyes of blue
Came, in his place to stay.

Just when the babe did leave, and when
Came boy with eyes so blue,
The parents never could find out,
And no one ever knew.

Another thing, both strange and true,
—I tell it with much joy—
The love bestowed upon the babe
All came back in the boy.

In pleasant words and kindly deeds,
It came out, day by day;
And all the care to Baby given,
The boy did thus repay.

This boy is getting very old,
And growing wise, folks say.
His age was five, but now 'tis more;
He's six years old, to-day.

So very fond of fun is he,
That some day, if he can,
I fear he'll slip away from us
And leave, instead, a man.

February 25, 1905.

Miss Phelps was quick to see the humor in any incident, in school or outside. She had an inexhaustible fund of stories for her callers, but she never was so full of her own experiences that she could not take genuine interest in the experiences and plans of others. Her cheerful, quiet but forceful, life was a constant inspiration to me. Who would not count it a privilege to know intimately a person of her rare personality?

BESSIE LEE LATHROP.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF APPRECIATION WHICH FOLLOW HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM GRADUATES OF THE BOARDMAN SCHOOL.

Of no other teacher was I more fond than of Miss Phelps. She was a warm friend of my mother; I, too, learned to appreciate her, and during my years in Boardman came to regard her as an ideal teacher. At first I thought she was quite severe, but I soon found she had other qualities. She knew how to keep order and, also, she knew how to enjoy a good joke, and her enjoyment was contagious. She was always busy, yet had time to help by counsel or suggestion and in all our troubles she was a sympathizing friend. Her welcome greeting and pleasant smile we shall greatly miss, but our teacher, friend and counselor will never be forgotten.

J. F. M.

Class of 1898.

I always tried to call on Miss Phelps when I was in New Haven. It seemed to me that I owed her a debt of gratitude which I couldn't repay. In the fall of my second year in Boardman, I concluded to leave school and go to work. With that idea in mind I went to bid Miss Phelps farewell. She positively refused to bid me goodbye, however, and gave me a half hour of her valuable time in persuading me to stay. I owe to her, therefore, the fact that I am an alumnus of Boardman.

When I was sick in the hospital she came to see me and brought me some chicken broth which she had made herself. It was often a source of regret to me to think of some occasions when we boys were possibly rude, not purposely but thoughtlessly, in her class room. At our graduation I was given the privilege of speaking for the class, and Miss Phelps assisted me in the preparation of my address. I feel a keen personal loss in her death, and when again in New Haven, I shall miss calling on her.

A. O.

Class of 1900.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Phelps was more than a teacher; she was a true friend to us all, and always ready to do a kindness, as I myself know from experience.

E. H. R.

Class of 1900.

As years go on I can feel more and more thankful for what Miss Phelps did for me. She was a splendid teacher of her subjects. The little items she let drop along other lines meant almost as much as her special branches. These things proved that she had not allowed herself to crystallize around her own particular hobbies, English and History.

G. L. W.

Class of 1900.

Miss Phelps was a teacher I loved dearly and I always looked up to her with the highest respect. She was like a mother to us, and one to whom we would go with our troubles, knowing she would listen with all loving interest and give the best of advice. Although she was a very busy and hard-working teacher, she always found time to have heart-to-heart talks with her pupils when they came to her for that purpose.

H. B. R.
Class of 1901.

Nothing that I could write would express my appreciation of what Miss Phelps meant to me during my four years at Boardman. More than a mere teacher, to hear us recite and give us marks, she was a friend who stimulated us to do our best in all things, and her good opinion was greatly valued.

A. T. F. M.
Class of 1901.

I always think and speak of Miss Phelps as a very dear friend who was ever sympathetic and interested in the lives of her friends and pupils; keenly appreciative of any little kindness shown her; courteous herself, she was quick to notice rudeness in others. She chose her friends for their worth rather than for social position. To me her memory will ever be an incentive to try to perfect whatever work I may do.

E. MACN.
Class of 1902.

My feeling of esteem for Miss Phelps is hard to express, but most frankly can I say, even though it is with fond recollections that I look back upon all of the hours spent with my many instructors in Boardman School from 1899 to 1903, that I believe Miss Phelps succeeded in coming into closer individual relationship with her pupils than did any of the other instructors. Miss Phelps had a sincere desire to know and to help those who would let her know them. She felt for them and oftentimes gladly gave hours of her own time, after the one o'clock closing hour, in which to talk over and try to unravel, with students, some perplexing knot in the day's lessons. After graduation, I sometimes called upon her, after school hours, in the class room and always found her the same. Miss Phelps, desirous of knowing of my welfare, and always glad to lend a hand if possible. I believe the influence of our schools would be widened if more of the instructors took, as did Miss Phelps, that deep personal interest in the individual student.

C. R. N.
Class of 1903.

Boardman without Miss Phelps! How many a graduate, when he heard that she had passed from us, realized for the first time how much she had meant to the school, and to the lives of hundreds of her students. She made herself so inconspicuous, she imposed herself so little upon us, that her classes seldom realized while they were with her what a strong influence she was in their lives.

It was after leaving school that many and many a graduate has appreciated the value of her advice, coming as it did from a life of experience and strict adherence to duty, and has returned for her counsel, in continuing his studies, in selecting his life's work, in solving many a vexed problem. She always had time, in her busy life, to help lift someone else's burden.

How many returned, also, just for her cheery greeting, her ever ready word of welcome; for she was genuinely glad to see her boys and girls. Her interest did not leave us when we left school and she kept closely in touch with many former students. No one was more pleased to hear of the success of a graduate than Miss Phelps.

It was not only English and literature that she taught. It was true, independent living. It was loyalty, strength, and service, loyalty to the best and highest ideals, strength to carry them out, and service for others. She was so quiet and unassuming, and yet so forceful. At first we did not appreciate or understand her, but a closer acquaintance revealed the rare worth of her character.

Is there one of Miss Phelps's scholars who does not remember her oft-repeated story of the boy with the wheelbarrow load of wood, his difficulty, and how it was solved by the person who helped him to help himself? We laughed at that story then, when she told it in the class room. But how about it now, since we have been out in the world, solving difficulties and fighting battles of our own? Wasn't that simple story in a way at the foundation of some of our success, and isn't the person who helps us to help ourselves the one who does us the true service?

We couldn't appreciate that story then, but now it remains as one of my strongest impressions of Miss Phelps. For it was just the service she did for us—teaching us to depend on ourselves, to conquer our own difficulties, and in conquering one gaining strength for the next.

The memory of her friendship, her influence, and the knowledge of her character will always be to me, as to many a Boardman graduate, one of my most cherished possessions. It seemed hard to us that we must spare her, we needed her so, but we keep with thankful hearts the memories of the hours we spent with her, the richness we gained from her. And we rejoice that she has entered into that larger life where her powers can reach their fullest scope in the freedom of eternity.

E. L. S.
Class of 1903.

The death of some public servant much in the public eye, is an occasion for newspaper headlines. The death of some other public servant toiling away un-

obtrusively, is barely mentioned. However, let an old faithful teacher pass out of life, and there are more silent, unobserved mourners among thousands of former pupils scattered far and wide over the country, than can ever be found at the time of the death of most of our so-called public dignitaries.

It is not until after we have left the school world and have come into contact with the real world full of selfish men and women, that we begin to fully appreciate the gratuitous service and unselfish devotion of certain teachers that taught us back in the public schools. We soon get rid of the idea that for every bit of service that they then rendered us as public school teachers, they were paid. Much of their time and thought was shared with us out of school hours, and much of it was a source of enthusiasm and inspiration that will have a lasting effect. Miss Phelps was one of those unselfish, devoted school teachers.

Chicago, Ill.

C. B.

Class of 1904.

Miss Phelps deserves to be remembered for her untiring services to the school and scholars. I remember especially in my Senior year when my work often kept me late into the afternoon, Miss Phelps was always there, and ready to give any help she could.

E. S. B.

Class of 1904.

Miss Phelps was one of the teachers whose influence was felt far outside the class room; and a friend whose advice and help were always to be had. She never forgot one of her former pupils and always maintained a kind interest in their work and in their future success.

H. F. B.

Class of 1904.

Miss Phelps's particular influence seemed to be most strongly exerted toward making one *think*. She had the faculty of taking the half-matured mind and turning it from the sole object of pleasure-seeking, to the more serious problems of our existence. This is well illustrated by her work in the Mather Debating Club, which, through her interest and inspiration, was successfully kept together for a number of years. It is no small matter to interest the individual of high school age in questions of citizenship, politics and government, yet Miss Phelps accomplished just this.

We were particularly impressed, perhaps, by the fact that she possessed that quality of taking an interest—a personal interest—in the individual. She required that the student show some concern over his work, but, once that concern was manifested, Miss Phelps was willing and ready to do all in her power to assist him. That interest, moreover, did not cease with the departure of the student from the school but continued, and it was to her that one might go to talk over his progress or his little difficulties and at the same time keep in touch with

the affairs of the school. The average student turns his back on the high school, on the eve of his graduation, and seldom concerns himself about it afterward. An alumni association, meeting once or twice a year, is only partially successful in stimulating interest in the school. One must go back to the building itself from time to time. A talk with Miss Phelps, familiar as she was with each detail of the school life and organization, kept one's interest alive.

She constantly labored toward the creation of a spirit of honor and manliness in the fellows of her classes. Well might she have taken her text from the words of Solomon, "Be thou strong, and shew thyself a man." It is not as an instructor of English that Miss Phelps will be especially remembered, but as one who had a part in moulding the plastic character of careless and frivolous youth, by impressing upon it the duties, the burdens, and the responsibilities of the man.

Providence, R. I.

H. W. T.

Class of 1908.

"Sincerity in all things" is the lesson which remains with the hundreds of Boardman graduates, whether they have mentally labeled it as such or not. Our English instructor was a part of Boardman and was one of the loyal human pillars of the institution who remain as a happy memory and an ever-present, forceful, spirit of our lives.

Miss Phelps fought the consolidation of the two New Haven High School institutions, on principle and reason, but when the issue was decided in favor of the union of Boardman and Hillhouse, our instructor took the oath of allegiance and became a part of the new New Haven High School, and taught and preached reconciliation to our rebelling and insurgent Boardman hearts. I well remember Miss Phelps likening the condition to those of the American Reconstruction Period and urging us to cheerfully submit and "boost" for the new institution with the same zeal and spirit that had made our old school a success.

Some of us knew her best as the promoter and patron of the Mather Debating Club, and one Boardman class alone produced three men who are already successful and honorable members of the Bar, whose latent aptitude for such a life-work was awakened and developed in that humble association of Boardman Seniors, founded and fostered under the care of our English instructor. Hundreds of us think more carefully and express our thoughts in better language because she lived and labored.

Los Angeles, Cal.

R. B. T.

Class of 1908.

It was with sorrow that I heard of Miss Phelps's death last summer. She is a great loss to the school as well as to the community. She was always in a pleasant mood in spite of the trying times of a teacher, very capable in her work, and willing to help a neglectful student. Her presence in social gatherings was always welcomed, and confidence reigned amongst those under her guidance.

N. P.

Class of 1908.

The news of her death filled us all with the thought and feeling that this world had lost one of its useful and ennobling members. The thought of her faithful, thorough, never-tiring work in the Boardman High School for so many years, as the giver of appreciation and love for good literature, besides the noble qualities of life, comes to me, bringing many fond memories of my work with her. Many noble ideals have been fixed in my memory by the literature Miss Phelps gave us and made us love; and her cheerful, unselfish personality and ever-readiness to help and encourage, shall always stand as a grateful memorial of her to me. I shall always be proud and glad to bear the name of "her pupil."

L. S. V.

Class of 1908.

Although in a way expected, the news of Miss Phelps's death was a surprise to me. We shall have to hunt a long time before finding such another as she. She has always been to me a most striking example of loyalty to duty. I am appreciating more and more what a noble character hers was and am feeling more and more the influence of that character upon the last year of my High School life.

G. A. S.

Class of 1907.

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